Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, March 28, 1918 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

Elder father, though thine eyes
Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies?

'Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary.

'Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds.'

'God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filling all eternity—
Adonai Elohim.'

—Gilbert Keith Chesterton

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 63
Editorial Correspondence II.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 64
The Worth of the Individual.—C. W. C. 65

THE PULPIT—
The World After the War.—John Haynes Holmes 68

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
The Responsibilities of Big Brotherhood.—Chester Lloyd Jones 66

POETRY—
The Holy of Holies.—*Gilbert Keith Chesterton* ... 61
Spring's Sacrament.—*Harold E. Goad* 62
Violin Music.—*Richard LeGallienne* 67
By the Grave of Thoreau.—*Odell Shepard* 67
The Deceiver.—*Sarah N. Cleghorn* 72
A Search.—E. G. Pecker 74
The World's Miser.—*Theodore Maynard* 75

THE FIELD—
Of Cabbages and Kings.—M. B. P. 75

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918 NUMBER 4

SPRING'S SACRAMENT

'Lift up your hearts!' The holy dews
Asperge the woodland throng;
Dawn after dawn the lark renews
His miracle of song;
While taper-like the crocus pricks
Athwart the yearning sod;
The primrose lifts his golden pyx,
And God looks forth to God.

The symbols blind, the visions fail,
Our souls strain out to Thee;
Within the leaf, the light, the veil,
Is Thy Felicity.
O Heart of all the world's desire,
Breathe from around, above,
The mystic kiss of Fire to fire
That Love will yield to love!

—*Harold E. Goad.*

Samuel K. Ratcliffe in analyzing the war situation points out four possibilities, (1) A German victory, (2) Such hampering of the allies by the submarines that the allies will be forced to begin peace negotiations, (3) A break within Germany that would end the war, (4) A continued struggle with a Germany strengthened by her success on the eastern front that will last for years, "leading to something like the destruction of Europe." It is this fourth possibility that should make all the warring nations pause. We have no fear of the yellow peril nor the brown peril, but we do hesitate to conclude that the white race has made its highest contribution to human progress and now can serve humanity best by committing suicide. At the beginning of the war we are told the yellow peoples in the eastern hemisphere outnumbered the whites two to one; what must it now be, and what will it be at the end of this long struggle, which we are told will probably last for years? We believe in humanity, in human progress toward the ultimate realization of human goodness little short of what we now call divine. We did believe in brotherhood—the chosen way in which we of our day and generation might walk—in the way in which humanity must yet walk. Have the white races so sinned against brotherhood in their treatment of the brown and yellow races and must we now so weaken ourselves that they may rule with a strong hand even as have the white races? With Japan, the Germany of the east, in the ascendancy it will be a long, long road humanity must travel to brotherhood. O. C. S.

Those of us who are opposed to universal military training must realize that our best chance to stand it off will lie in setting up a positive substitute. The substitute is universal training for both boys and girls of the age of 18 in social work, community service, and the solution of the problems of human welfare. The genesis of the idea was in Prof. William James' discussion of the idea of a moral equivalent for war. A leading exponent of the propaganda of the idea today is Prof. Charles Zueblin.

Of course no clear-cut program has been developed as yet. But the general conception is that a program could be devised that would utilize every boy and girl in some constructive, healthful, democratic way, for the common good.

Agriculture and reclamation service, garden cities and towns, conservation of water-power and timberland, sanitation, highway construction, housing projects, social investigation, child culture, public nursing and health servince, including the organization of sanitoria, civic education and practice, operation of public enterprises and utilities, in fact an almost interminable list of legitimate and valuable fields of activity could be suggested in each of which boys or girls could be trained to work for a period of six months to a year. And after their period of compulsory service were completed, opportunity for continued professional service could be provided for all who desired to do so and who could fulfill necessary requirements.

Is it not beyond question that this idea is wholesome in all the respects that give merit to the military training idea? It would provide for the same democratic commingling of youths from all the levels of life. It would unloose all their finest ideals for the common welfare. It would create a satisfactory discipline and respect for the law and government. It would provide safeguards against idleness, criminality, and dissipation. It would give training and skill in some degree to everyone approaching citizenship.

But more than its counterpart, it would be quite wholly constructive and creative. Every boy's or girl's service to the country or community would be followed by positive and visible results. And the attendant or ensuing spirit would be wholly in the direction of a larger life for all. F. A. M.

"If all mankind minus one were of one opinion and only one person were of contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power would be justified in silencing mankind." —*John Stuart Mills.*

In a private letter from a German friend, "a conscientious objector" to the German Government and all its methods, we have the following criticism on the definition of "academic freedom" as given in the *Bulletin of American Association of University Professors,* and signed by Professor A. O. Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins, Edward Capps of Princeton, and A. A. Young of Cornell.

"I think the definition of Academic Freedom as given by Prof. Lovejoy and others whom we know is rather one-sided and reminds me of his statement in the *New Republic* some time last summer that conscientious objectors have always been the eternal foes of liberty and justice—a fine phrase, no doubt, and a true one in some, though few, instances; but what about those on the other side? I have in mind the case of a Teutonic conscientious objector who refuses to support his government. Is the latter not rather a supporter than a foe of "liberty and justice"? A similar thing applies here to the present case. No matter how "just" and "righteous" the cause of any nation or government may be, the Academic teacher should not, in my humble opinion, be restricted to any form of patriotism as far as his historic, sociological and other scientific findings are concerned; he should be given a free hand to search for the truth and to proclaim it as he sees it. To be sure, it may seem desirable for a certain time to restrict public utterances likely to lead to anarchy, or to disobedience as regards the will of the majority, and it may be of less importance for the academic teacher to utter his scientific findings in such a way as to interfere with the progress of political events, but "Academic Freedom" does not permit of any such restriction, otherwise its very nature is destroyed. There is a danger that a situation in the world may arise in which two contending parties are engaged in a fratricidal struggle without any hope for reasonable settlement except by those very leaders of thought (I might call them "should-be leaders") who may stand above the parties and, though admitting that both may seem entirely right and justified from their respective points of view, may be able to devise some way out and some more reasonable solution. The primary condition, however, being that those leaders of thought are not the hirelings of imperialism.

The world would perhaps be better off to-day if such men as Kant, Fichte, Schücking and numerous others had enjoyed more academic freedom. It is therefore very dangerous to impose any restrictions upon university men; personally, I thoroughly disagree with and shall condemn the resolution in a letter to Professor Lovejoy.

Editorial Correspondence

II.

It was a long while since I last visited Boston. There were new hearts to welcome me and to listen to what I might say. In Boston there are some minds that can discriminate between lovers of humanity and lovers of the war-like in Germany. "Loyalty" to at least a portion of the citizens of Boston, as to thinking men the world over, is not synonymous with the acceptance of the present war policy of the great belligerent "Powers" of the world. "Treason" is not the word for those who, cherishing the principles of democracy, believe that there is a better way to settle international disputes than by killing the innocents on both sides of the battle line. There are those who love the flag devoutly and are willing to die for their country when necessary, who still believe that the "better way" is the only way out of the terrible international imbroglio that, for the time being, has thrown the world into confusion.

The road to a military solution is a long and bloody one. No one knows where it will end, but the road of diplomacy, the reason-road of negotiation, the bloodless path of conference and mutual concession, seems reasonably plain, and possibly a short one. This path has been blazed by the sun-clear statements of President Wilson, and hopefully implied in the words of wise leaders in all the belligerent countries when their statements are taken at their best and accepted at their face value. Is it not the part of good statesmanship to believe that even cabinet officers mean what they say, and are sincere in their desires to put an end to the horrible business?

The first meeting that I attended in Boston was that of the Twentieth Century Club. It meets every Saturday at noon. It is a model worthy of imitation everywhere. Here the luncheon is reduced to a simplicity that satisfies the appetite and relieves the strain on the purse. Here the women are not confined to the gallery as they were at the Rochester Club, but they take their places on the floor as members in good and regular standing.

It was the day before St. Patrick's day. Fittingly, the subject was Ireland, and more fittingly, the speaker of the day was Padraic Colum, a shy, sensitive little man whose accents were gentle and whose words were selected with almost feminine delicacy. And still, in the imagination of the newspaper public he is conceived as a foe of good order, a man to be evaded, a menace to England. He spoke as one deeply versed in Celtic lore, and one who realized the political power of the poet and the civic value of poetry. He was a companion of MacDonagh, Pearce and Plunkett, the three poets who were executed by England in 1916 for their part in the rebellion. Doubtless the execution was justified by the law of the land, but it was a sad waste of precious material.

On Sunday, the 17th, in the afternoon, I spoke under the auspices of the Free Religious Association. Jefferson Hall is a small place, consequently I had the inspiration of a crowded house and talked of "The Glory of the United States." Of course the relative value of the militant and the pacific heroes of our history came out. The sincere questioning and frank exchange of opinions that followed the address carried the interest beyond that reached by the lecture.

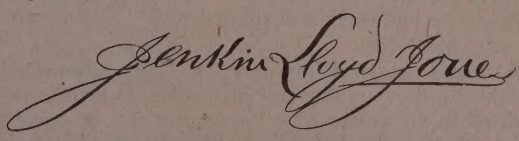
On Tuesday, the 19th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I was the speaker in the 254th meeting of the Boston Browning Society, a goodly company, and a rare opportunity to speak of "Robert Browning as a Poet of Faith." With Dr. Maxon, an early president of the Society, on the platform beside me, George W. Cooke, the author of the "Introduction to the Writings of Browning," on one side, Miss Marie

Molineaux, the compiler of the "Browning Phrase Book," in front and interpreters to the right and left of us, it was a delicate situation as dangerous as it was inspiring.

The Boston visit was one continuous reunion. Old friends whom I had married, children I had christened, now with babies of their own, fellow workers in the strenuous years of mid-life, and early workers for UNITY came to this reunion and gladdened my heart. Mrs. Marean, who helped so efficiently on UNITY and in the making of All Souls Church, over thirty years ago, Gannett, Hosmer, Wendte, Cooke and others whose names are familiar to UNITY readers were at this reunion. There was a glimpse at 25 Beacon Street, but it was a visit of Rip Van Winkle. The familiar faces had disappeared. Only Miss Buck of the Sunday School department seemed to be left of the old UNITY household.

Leaving Boston on the night of the 19th, there was a whole day in Washington. A dinner with the Kents was a happy reunion, but missed the friendly touch of the ever loyal and helpful head of the Kent family, who was absent in Minnesota talking to the "National Non-Partisan League," where he was the right man in the right place. Mr. Kent, now of the Tariff Commission, is the logical leader of that multitude of independent voters whose enthusiasms do not run parallel with any of the old party lines and who are waiting for a new alignment among the political forces of the country. In 1920 the country will be in need of such a president as William Kent of California would make, who was once an active assistant editor of UNITY, a pillar of All Souls Church and one of the builders of the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

And now I am at the Lincoln Memorial University with the inspiring scenery of Cumberland Gap, and a dozen lectures booked for the six days allotted. Spring is here, but this belongs to another story.



Lincoln Memorial University, March 23, 1918.

The Worth of the Individual

These are days of the social surge. We find ourselves thinking in terms of the mass, and not of the man. The overwhelming tendency is toward the effacement of identity. Moreover, conquest comes largely by co-operation. The man apart is thrust to the wall. The things we do together are the things that win success.

In many ways, the tendency is normal and of good promise. It is part of the process whereby the new humanity is being created. Mazzini was right when he said that "man was made for association." In association will he find his largest power of achievement. Primarily, he is a social creature, and must fit in his place in the social circle.

But the danger connected with this tendency is very great. One is constantly tempted to emphasize the social at the expense of the individual. The one life is apt to be lost in the one lump. Or else society is regarded as either the savior or the satan of individual destiny. Industrial conditions are blamed for imperfect life. As Disraeli said, "We are apt to put too much faith in systems, and to look too little to men."

To look to men, and not to systems, is truly the need of the hour. On that moment when the individual allows himself to be wholly submerged by the wave of social opinion or power, he ceases to be a factor in human progress. It is absolutely necessary to insist upon the supreme worth of the individual, whatever may be the conditions or environment. His power to will the good and achieve the right is the fundamental dynamic of all progress.

In all the processes of evolution the individual has counted most. No advance has ever been made by life in the large. It has only been when the one life has groped for something higher, and has gained it, that life has moved on to higher levels. What the individual gained, it passed on to its offspring, and progress has thereby become permanent. And in the further evolution of the race, it will still be the one groping and gaining, that will supply the motive power for the onmarch of mankind.

In all achievement the individual has counted most. Every great deed has been born of the aspiration of the single life. Every great achievement has found its culmination in the individual. The Reformation found its center of individuality in Luther, abolition in Lincoln, socialism in Marx, Christianity in Jesus.

In the larger concern of society the same fact holds true. John Stuart Mill was correct in saying that "the worth of the state is in the long run the worth of the individuals composing it." Good citizenship must always be reckoned in the singular number. Civilization is but the average of individual attainment. One man can lift a city; one man can lower it. The development of the social finds its largest and most significant result in the enlargement of the power of the individual.

At no time in our history as a nation was this fact more important than now, when great influences are moving and great issues are being decided. It is no time to subordinate one's thought. The ideals born in the travail of today will rule the world tomorrow. They may, like the Nazarene, meet their Calvary, but their triumphant spirit will transform mankind. There never was a time when one man was worth more than today.

C. W. C.

The Responsibilities of Big Brotherhood

It takes a long look ahead to see the opportunities and attendant responsibilities which will be before the United States at the end of the war, but it is not too soon to prepare for them. The world will be far different from what it was in August, 1914, whether the dreams of those who long for a League to Enforce Peace are realized or we find ourselves in the midst of international rivalries keener than the world has ever known. The United States will inevitably find itself confronted by new domestic tasks and international responsibilities. The public service will be of greater extent and of greater functions than ever before. It is one of our duties to see that it is adequate to the demand.

We have had too many sorry experiences in the past to be able to plead unfamiliarity with the abuses which will crowd into the conduct of our public affairs. The years which followed that other great conflict for liberty—our civil war—were a dark sequel to the glorious page it wrote in our history and almost a generation passed before real progress began to be made in removing public offices from the control of petty politics, a victory by no means yet won.

Our later political developments bringing to us responsibilities in outlying territories, compared to that earlier period, have been far more encouraging, but even the failures to live up to the ideals we see for ourselves in public affairs in our own time often make us anxious to be judged by intent rather than by accomplishment.

It is so easy to agree on principles, so hard to agree in their application! Our shortcomings in carrying out our plans are peculiarly distressing when they arise in the affairs of our outlying territories and in the states over which we have extended our protection. There especially we have held up as our ideal a policy of disinterestedness, and we have assumed obligations toward them in the belief that we can do for them better than they can do for themselves. We undertake to furnish them efficient officials, better than they could choose for themselves.

Every American can take just pride in what we have set out to do for the "colonies" and "protectorates," even though our purpose be misunderstood by those upon whose behalf the action is taken. We can not always be so well satisfied with the results accomplished. Best among our endeavors to exercise a beneficent influence on peoples outside the continental United States has been what we have done in Cuba. Less satisfactory is the result of our efforts in the Philippines. The affairs of the Dominican Republic in which we made so splendid a start in the first years of the protectorate were later cast in shadow by the partisan character of the appointments made in the trusteeship which we hold in the collection of its revenues. We have now new responsibilities of a far-reaching nature in Haiti and *de facto* in Nicarauga.

Other countries after the war will need our friendly co-operation, most of all our sore-tried neighbors to the south. It is a high call to see that whatever aid we give be not only well meaning but well advised, given not only with good will but with tact—and always with their interests as well as our own, or better their interests *rather* than our own, in view.

No better illustration of the delicacy of the task which confronts any people which assumes to do for another, can be found than is furnished by the recent political developments in Porto Rico. The merits of the controversy between Governor Yager and the local legislature are obscure. The struggle over appointments is clouded by criticisms on both sides. The conflict is not edifying, such seldom are.

The Jones Bill—the act conferring greater power upon the local legislature—provided that in the choice of certain officers the President and the legislature should share authority. Failing to secure confirmation of one of his candidates, Governor Yager declined to make further recommendations for the position. He awaited the adjournment of the legislature, when the power of appointment would fall entirely into his hands. He was further charged with vetoing all the constructive legislation passed. As the period of the session approached a close he felt he could count on having maintained the legal standards he desired and on having appointments in his own hands. Under these circumstances he planned to leave for a trip to the United States. The legislature, however, instead of dissolving at the expected time adjourned until the next month, thus holding up the Governor's appointing power and reviving the possibility of further legislation.

The details of the struggle are not important, but out of the tangle there stand forth ideals which the United States must not only announce but live up to if it is to play the creditable leading part in American affairs which its resources and opportunities justify.

1. In sending officials from Washington to the outlying communities where we have extra-continental responsibilities, we should see to it that political considerations do not determine the choice. The men should be not only the highest type of American in personal character, but must have a wide grasp of both our domestic and international affairs. Tact and ability to appreciate the point of view of those of other opinions must be theirs to a greater degree than in our appointments at home, for an officer sent from outside and representing a contrasted history and civilization will find hundreds of occasions in which the way he has been accustomed to is not the way of his new associates.

2. If our supervision over "weaker communities," whether under our flag or only under its protection, is to develop the power of self-government, we must not insist on immediate adoption of the standards to which we are accustomed—even if we have the power. The spirit of the legislation Congress has adopted giving greater rights of self-government to the outlying territories, for example, presupposes the creation of a field in which the local governments will be free to experiment and to make mistakes. Any effort arbitrarily to cut off the possibility of error may be benevolent but will not develop self-reliance. In all our work of administration among the so-called weaker communities we must realize that the relationship of "big brotherhood" involves the prospect of "growing up," and "growing up" presupposes greater responsibility with the chance of making blunders.

We must have a generous willingness to let the other fellow make errors, let him take his lesson and be educated by doing so.

These ideals we must live up to if we are to stand as we should before our consciences and our neighbors. From the other side of course we must expect less and must not be surprised if we are disappointed oftener. The pupil can not be held to the same standard of accomplishment as the teacher—even though we may keep up our confidence that he may one day attain it. A pink-cotton child seldom becomes a strong man, and a community protected too well against itself will never acquire the experience that will enable it to rule itself.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES.

VIOLIN MUSIC.

Somewhere tonight among the hills of heaven
She walks, with all her stars around her;
And I who lost her here on earth
Grow happy, knowing God has found her.

So many days along all paths of radiance
Made for her feet to tread I sought her,
Through all the wide lagoons of dawn
And mazy lanes of moonlit water.

Now know I by the path of this strange music
Beyond the world she went a-straying,
Almost you bring me where she walks—
Ah! for the love of God, cease not your playing.

Harpers. —*Richard Le Gallienne.*

BY THE GRAVE OF THOREAU.

Some earth, some grass, and solitude—
Three things he loved, three things he wooed
Lifelong; and now no rhyme can tell
How ultimately all is well
With his wild heart that worshipped God's
Epiphany in crumbling sods
And like an oak brought all its worth
Back to the kindly mother earth.

But something starry, something bold,
Eludes the clutch of dark and mold—
Something that will not wholly die
Out of the azure of the sky.
No spell in all the lore of graves
Can still the plash of Walden waves
Or wear away the vivid stain
Of Concord skies in heart and brain.
Clear psalteries and faint citoles
Only recall the orioles
Fluting reveille to the morn
Across the acres of the corn.

I see him wandering lonely still
Along the solitary hill,
Each evening building lonelier fires,
Remote from heaven's bright rampires—
A hermit in the blue Beyond
By shores of some celestial pond,
With beans to hoe and wood to hew
And halcyon days to loiter through,
With angel visitors, no doubt,
To shut the air and sunlight out.
And he who scoffed at human ways
And, since we were unworthy praise,
Sang misanthropic peans to
The muskrat and the feverfew,
Will droop those archangelic wings
With praise of how we manage things,
Prefer his Walden tupelo
To all the Trees of Life, and grow
A little wistful looking down
Across the fields of Concord Town.

Boston Transcript. —*Odell Shepard.*

THE PULPIT

The World After the War

The Nations, or the Problem of Internationalism. Sermon Preached February 3, 1918 by John Haynes Holmes, Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Of all the problems which present themselves to our minds when we consider the great question of the world after the war, none is so important, and at the same time so difficult, as that of internationalism, or ordered relationship between the nations now battling for military supremacy in Europe. There is certainly no problem in regard to which prophecy is so dangerous! It is easy to anticipate what will be the position of women after the war, for the woman's movement had advanced so far before the war that the conflict could do nothing other than accelerate and complete a development already determined in its character. It is easy also to forecast the supremacy of labor after the war, for this supremacy is already with us, in embryo at least, in every one of the belligerent countries except our own.* But when we come to the question of the future organization of international relationships, we enter upon a wilderness of uncertainty. That we must work out some form of internationalism, as a condition of the perpetuity of our civilization, is a proposition to which everybody, militarist and pacifist alike, will agree. The Great War will be universally regarded as a tragic failure, if it does not end in some kind of league or fraternity of nations, which will give us some assurance that fighting on a universal scale will never blast the earth again. But when we try to define what this international organization shall be like—when we consider the enmities and jealousies and conflicting nationalistic interests which must be reconciled—when we look upon such specific political problems as Ireland, Poland, Alsace-Lorraine, the Balkans, the German colonies—we quickly understand that we are confronted by a task which is intricate and complicated beyond anything that the history of mankind has ever known. It is not altogether surprising that many men, not at all enamored of war in itself, but learned in the history of international relations, are convinced that the problem is unsoluble, and believe it is the part of wisdom to accept strife between the nations as inevitable, and make such preparations against its coming as may be possible.

To those who have no particular knowledge of the field, this problem presents itself most vividly, perhaps, in its psychological rather than in its political aspects. In saying this, I am referring to the spiritual struggle which is present with each one of us, at this moment, between our allegiance to humanity as a whole and our loyalty to the particular nation of which we chance to be a citizen. From the point of view of our ideals, we all give assent to the principle set forth by Joseph Mazzini in his "The Duties of Man," that our "first duties are to humanity." From this same ideal point of view, we discover no conflict between our devotion to humanity and our devotion to that section of humanity which we call our country. "Your country," said Mazzini to his compatriots of Italy, "is the token

* Previous to the preaching of this sermon, Mr. Holmes delivered two other sermons on "The World After the War"—the first on "Woman" and the second on "Labor."

of the mission which God has given you to fulfill in humanity." We all of us know that, in an ideal world, there will be no more room for a conflict of loyalties of this kind than there is room here in America for a conflict between New York or Massachusetts and the United States. But with things as they are, this conflict is with us, in one form or another, almost constantly; and on the occasion of a great war, like the one which is raging at this moment, it becomes the determining issue of our lives. Immediately we seem called upon to choose between the whole, and that part of the whole which is our own; and immediately, as though by some kind of divine instinct, we choose the part. The country becomes for most of us the supreme social reality; and love of country, for most of us, the one religion. It is true, of course, that, in any war like this in which we Americans are now engaged, we identify our country's cause with that of humanity, and assert that in fighting for our country, we are fighting for the larger and higher interests of the race. This is "the mission," we say, "which God has given us to fulfill in humanity." But even so, we are conscious, sometimes in spite of ourselves, that in espousing the national cause without reservation, we are temporarily putting aside certain consummate ideals which are very dear to our hearts. We no longer find it "good and pleasant" to talk about the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, or to be reminded of the love which we should feel even for our enemies. And we can never be altogether blind to the fact that the men whom we are fighting think of their country exactly as we think of ours, and seek in their cause, also, the salvation of mankind. The conflict here, between the nation and humanity, is real, after all, and never so real as at the present moment when we are challenged to adjust the interests of our country, at some sacrifice, perhaps, to the interests of the common weal. Hence the difficulties, psychological as well as political, which are involved in any serious endeavor to organize the world after the war on an international basis! Henry Demarest Lloyd has described patriotism as "our present resting place on the way to the love of all men." Phrased in more scientific terms, this means that social evolution has carried us out and above the love of family and tribe and clan, to the love of country, but has not yet advanced to that universal love, to which nothing that is human can be alien. Thus far we have gone—but no farther! And there are many social psychologists in our time to tell us that until we have moved beyond this "present resting place" of the spirit, with its borders, boundaries and barriers, we cannot hope to construct the fabric of that United States of the World, which was the dream of such a man, for example, as Victor Hugo.

It is facts of this kind which make so impossible the work of prophecy as to what is to happen to the nations of the earth after the war is done. I must confess that I have no courage to enter upon this task. I have my hopes and dreams, even my expectations, of the internationalism of the future. I look upon the organization of some durable system of international relations as the condition of the survival of our western civilization. I have faith that the task, however difficult, is no more beyond the intelligence and the will of men than the tunneling of the Alps, or the bridging of the St. Lawrence River at Quebec. But all this I prefer to present to you not so much as a prophecy of what will be, as a suggestion of what ought to be. Let me, therefore, put by the business of prophesying for a time, and show you what I believe to be the way out of the jungle of modern nationalism, which men must follow if they would save the world. Let me analyze the present situation, if this be possible, and state, in definite terms, just what I think must be done if this situation is to be changed from competition to co-operation among nations. Let me point out just where we are standing at the present time, and just what steps we must take to move out of the chaos of today into the order of a fair and more peaceable tomorrow.

I can best get at what I have in mind, perhaps, by starting with the intense nationalistic feeling which is our religion at this present moment, and asking what we have in mind when we speak of "our country." If we look at this question seriously and searchingly, I believe that we shall find that we mean two very different things, which may, or may not, be related.

In the first place, when we speak of "our country," we have in mind what I choose to call the *nation*. A country, when interpreted as a nation, means a group of persons, living within a certain territory, who feel at home with one another—who understand one another—work with one another, love one another—who find themselves bound together by a sense of kinship which is felt for no other group of persons in the world. In its lower and more primitive form, this sense of national kinship is none other than an extension of the gregarious instinct which holds together a flock of sheep or a herd of deer. In its higher forms, this instinct becomes a conscious sentiment of similarity, of likeness, of "belonging." The country takes on the appearance of a home, and its people the aspect of members of a family. It is here in America, and not in any other country, however interesting or precious, that you and I feel comfortable and at our ease. There is something friendly in the landscape, just as there is something friendly in the furniture of our houses, the pictures on the walls, the books on the library shelves. But beyond this are higher reaches still! For a nation becomes distinctive only in those vast achievements of literature and art and social life, which constitute the real glory of a people. A nation, in the last analysis, is a group of persons, a few hundred thousands, or many millions, in number, who are moved by a common spiritual tradition, and are led by a common spiritual ideal. This tradition embodies itself in a literature which no other people could have written, a music which no other people could have composed, an art which no other people would have conceived. This ideal reveals itself in a religion which, meaning nothing to other people, means everything to this people, and in a way of life which stamps the members of the nation as indelibly as a tattoo or mutilation the members of a tribe. The citizens of a nation think together, feel together, act together. They wear costumes of the same pattern, build houses of the same type, even speak with voices which can be distinguished from all others. The nation is simply a social group within which spirit can meet with spirit, and heart speak to heart. It is this spiritual or emotional kinship which makes a country to be in the true sense of the word a nation. Everything else is unimportant. The citizens of a country may speak different languages, as in Switzerland. Different groups within the realm

may have different historical origins, like the English, Scotch and Welsh, for example, in Great Britain. These groups may be racially dissimilar, or even antagonistic, as in the vast empire of Russia. But if the spiritual bond is present—if there is a common feeling and understanding and ideal—if the people have been touched, like the early Christians, with Pentecostal fire—then the country, whatever its other diversities, is a nation. And it is this idea of nationality, of "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," which we first have in mind, I believe, when we make mention of "our country"!

But there is a second, and in some cases a very different idea, which we associate with a country. I refer to what I choose to call the *state*. By this I mean not the people whose life and traditions and aspirations make up what we have styled the nation, but that system of government by which the people are organized and their destinies as a social unit directed. In outward appearance, at least, the state is exclusively a political institution. In one country, as in Russia before the revolution, it consists of an absolute monarch, whose personal will constitutes the law and order of the realm. In other countries, as in Japan at the present moment, it consists of a governing class of princes or nobles, aristocratic in temper, and predominantly militaristic in character. In other countries, as in Italy, for example, the monarchy or aristocracy is limited by a more or less imperfect expression of the popular will. In still other countries, we find great experiments in democracy—sometimes monarchial in form, as in England, more frequently republican in form, as in the United States and France. If these political institutions constituted the whole of the state, it might be comparatively easy to understand its character and control its action. But behind the political, are other institutions which sometimes play a much larger part in the life of a people than emperors or parliaments. Thus in Russia there is the church, a state institution, which in the days of Nicholas was often more powerful that the Czar himself, and now, in the days of Lenine and Trotzky, is attempting to recover its prestige by proclaiming the excommunication of the Bolsheviki. Then there are the universities, which are very frequently state institutions. Nobody can hope to understand the history of Germany, during the last generation, for example, unless he keeps constantly in mind the fact that the universities are a part of the state, and their professors paid officers of the state. And always, of course, as a kind of "invisible government," just now in our day being dragged into the light, there are the economic forces which in every age, both ancient and modern, have been the dominating factors in the organized life of the community. All of these institutions—the political, the ecclesiastical, the educational, the industrial—play a larger or smaller part in the history of every country; and all together, in varying relations of importance one to another, they constitute what I call the state. It is this state which may be described as the structure or organism of the country, as the nation may be described as its soul. It is this state which is the machinery of the country's life, as the nation is its mind or spirit. At home, it does its work through legislatures and courts; abroad, it maintains its interests through diplomats in time of peace and soldiers in time of war. Its laws and statutes, its ministries and administrations, its negotiations and wars and treaties, make up almost the whole of what we mean by history. In the depths of our hearts we know that a country is something greater and higher than a state—hence our concept of the nation; but in most of the things that concern us from day to day it must be admitted that it is the state, and not the nation, which is our chief concern.

Now by any person approaching this subject of the nation and the state for the first time, it might naturally be supposed, that these two things were only two different aspects of the same social phenomenon—two sides of the same shield. It might be assumed, in other words, that the state and the nation were coordinate factors in a country's life—that they functioned together as the soul and body may be conceived as functioninng together in the normal life of the individual organism. But nothing could be farther from the truth! For while the state, ideally speaking, should be nothing more nor less than the physical machinery through which the nation, or the country's soul, can express itself and do its work in the world, it is more often, as a matter of fact, a gigantic instrument controlled by selfish interests for the suppression of the nation's will and the perversion of its life. There is no true and necessary relation, in other words, between the nation and the state in a single country. Sometimes, of course, we find an approximation to a true relationship. Thus in England, there is a state which is indigenous to the soil, and has developed side by side with the development of the nation. The English state has many institutions, such as the sovereign and the House of Lords, which do not belong in the twentieth century. It falls very far short of representing those new industrial forces which have come to the fore in English life during the last one hundred years. But no one can read English history with intelligence, it seems to me, without being impressed by the fact that the English constitution, which is the state, is a fairly accurate expression of the English people, which is the nation. The United States is another illustration of a country which has a state not altogether separated from the nation. Here, of course, our constitution did not grow, like the English constitution, but was created, and has all the imperfections of an arbitrary instrument of government. Here also there is a peril of the state being captured by sinister and selfish economic forces, which have no interest in the nation other than as a field for commercial exploitation. But the danger line has not yet been passed, and the state is still the people's, to do with it whatever they may most desire. England and America, however, must be regarded, I believe, as exceptions to the rule in this matter of the relation between the nation and the state. Ordinarily, as I have said, there is little or no connection between the two. Sometimes the nation exists without the state. Here is Poland, for example—a nation if there ever was one—just as much a nation today as she was yesterday. More than a century and a half ago, however, she was dismembered by the criminal action of Prussia, Austria and Russia, and the Polish state, therefore, effectually destroyed. On the other hand, a state may exist without a nation. Austria, for example, is an imperial state, but she is not so much a single nation as a vast conglomeration of different nations. Very frequently a single nation is governed by a single state, but the one is utterly foreign to the other. Ireland is a nation, but the state is not Irish but English

—a fact which explains the insistent and increasing demand of the Irish people for Home Rule. Finland is a nation, as much entitled to a life of its own as Denmark or Norway; but the state has for generations been Russian, and only now, with the advent of the revolution, gives some prospect of being passed over into the hands of the people to whom it properly belongs. Even when the state and the nation are really one in history and organization, there is very often no functional relation between the two. The government of the Czar, before the revolution, was a Russian government. The peasants, as they looked upon their ruler, would hail him as "the little Father" of his people. But the family of the Romanoffs was Tartar and not Russian; and they had as little to do with the literature, art and social idealism which represented the real life of the Russian people as the Grand Llama of Tibet. Germany, in a somewhat lesser degree, represents exactly the same discrepancy between a state and a nation in a single country. Germany was a nation, it is to be noticed, long before she became a state. Her people had a common consciousness and life as far back as the Middle Ages. But always they were divided into innumerable kingdoms and principalities; and it was not until the time of Bismarck that they were welded together into a single state. Then was made the fatal mistake of building an edifice not out of the essential genius of the German people as represented by the literature of a Goethe, the music of a Beethoven, the learning of a Von Humboldt, but out of the imperialistic instincts and ambitions of an exclusive military caste. When President Wilson, with unerring political insight, insists upon making a distinction between the German government and the German people, he is emphasizing that perpetual contrast between a nation and a state which finds today its most striking illustration in the Empire of the Kaiser.

The difference between these two aspects of the life of a single country is a fact of inestimable significance. To understand it is to find a flood of light pouring down upon some of the darkest and most baffling problems of our day. Take the question of patriotism, for example! By patriotism we mean devotion to a country, and willingness to serve its interests with "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." When we come to name over the illustrious patriots of history, however, we are surprised to discover that many of the most glorious of them all were enemies and not friends of the government of their country. Here are Sir William Wallace, Robert Bruce, William Tell, Robert Emmett, George Washington, Louis Kossuth, Joseph Mazzini, Garibaldi—a noble company, and all of them exiles or martyrs on the charge of treason, or victors in open warfare against the state! When we look into their stories a little closer, we discover that their hostility to their country as a state, was founded upon an heroic devotion to their country as a nation. It was Wallace's love of Scotland, his native land, which led him to take up arms against the English who had conquered and was now ruling it. It was William Tell's fidelity to Switzerland which made him a rebel against the alien government of Austria. George Washington was a traitor to George III. that he might be the more faithful to those high ideals of English national life, which this monarch had himself betrayed. Joseph Mazzini had a transcendant dream of a United Italy, and therefore became the lifelong enemy of the various states which divided between them the government of his country. Patriotism is loyalty not to the state but to the nation, not to the government but to the people; and so great oftentimes is the discrepancy between these two that loyalty to the one is conditional upon disloyalty to the other. The true patriots of Russia a year ago were the supporters not of the Czar but of the Revolution. The noblest patriot in Germany today is Herr Liebknecht, who languishes in prison because of his defiance of the Hohenzollerns. One only has to conceive the picture of America wholly taken over by the autocratic interests of capital, which have been threatening the freedom of her citizens for more than a generation, to understand that here also, as in other countries, it might sometime become necessary to overthrow the state in order the more surely to save the nation!

But it is in the realm of international affairs that this distinction between the state and the nation becomes most impressive and significant. Note, if you will, one very simple fact which has direct bearing upon our problem of international relations in the world after the war, and leads us straight to the conclusion to which I desire to point your minds. I refer to the fact that, in so far as a country may be regarded as a nation, it has no cause for quarrel or misunderstanding with any other country; but that, in so far as a country must be regarded as a state, it is certain to be involved in disputes with other countries most of the time, and in open warfare with these countries part of the time.

A nation never has enemies, but only friends. National interests never divide, but tend only to unite. When a nation produces a literature, it adds to the wealth not only of itself but of all mankind. When its musicians compose operas and symphonies and oratorios, their music glorifies the lives of all men everywhere. When its reformers achieve liberty for its people, their battles confer emancipation upon the world. A nation's universities are thronged with students from the four corners of the earth. A nation's temples are shrines for pilgrim feet from north and south and east and west. A nation's heroes are lifted up unto the pantheon of the race. In all that makes for the real greatness of a people, our countries are united. In the things of the spirit, however, it may be with the things of the flesh, they are one, and not many. Even in war time, it is impossible to separate the nations, so firmly are they bound together. We are making a valiant attempt this moment to banish from our lives the influence of German culture—but it is at the best a feeble movement, doomed to ignominious defeat. German music is still being played in our concert halls, German pictures are still hanging on the walls of our art galleries, German books are in our libraries, and German hymns in our hymnals. Luther stands in the pulpit of every church, Schubert sings his songs in every heart, Goethe walks the corridors of every mind. In spite of themselves, our countries hang together just to the extent that they are nations. They speak one language, dream one dream, toil at one work for humankind. This is not to say that, as nations, these countries are identical in character, or equivalent in value. Just as "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, and one star different from another star in glory," so also there is one glory of England,

and another glory of France, and another glory of Germany, and one nation differeth from another nation in glory. But with nations, as with stars, there is one system of constellations, and the many move in the celestial harmony of the one.

If there were only nations with which we had to deal, there would be no problem of war. But this problem has always been with us, and is still with us today, for the simple reason, as we have seen, that a country is a state as well as a nation. It is when we come to this matter of the state that we discover why countries are divided from one another by jealousies and hostilities innumerable. It is when we turn away from artists and poets and reformers, to diplomats and prime ministers and kings, that we encounter enmities, and hear of war and rumors of wars. For in the world of states, the realities known to us in the world of nations never make their appearance; letters and learning, morality and religion, are utterly unknown. In place of these spiritual verities, which are also racial unities, there appear in the relations between states a wholly different set of realities, which are never seen in any other field of human life. These realities are known as "interests"—dynastic interests, political interests, commercial interests, military interests. They are accompanied by certain sentiments known as honor, prestige, dignity. They are built up into certain institutions known as balances of power, embodied in certain practices known as diplomacy, and written into certain statutes known as international law. It is these things which make up the life of states in relations with one another. It is questions of territories, and boundaries, and open markets, and secret treaties, and spheres of influence, and national interest and honor so-called, which divide country from country, occasion dispute and hard feeling between otherwise friendly peoples, and at intervals precipitate the calamity of war. And yet these things, which I have named, are wholly artificial. There is not a single one of them which is not a pure illusion in the brains of men trained to forget life and remember diplomacy. From the standpoint of the basic human interests which make up the problem of daily living, they have no more reality than the unicorn or the flying horse. Read the history of Europe from the fall of Napoleon to the outbreak of the Great War, and I challenge you to find a single diplomatic dispute about a boundary, or a foreign colony, or a point of national honor, which made the slightest difference, either one way or another, to the common man in the various countries concerned. Take the story of Russia and Constantinople as a specific example. For more than a century, the history of the foreign relations of Russia has turned upon the desire of the Romanoffs to get possession of the Dardanelles. Some of the bloodiest wars of the last one hundred years have been fought upon this issue. European alliances have been formed, and treaties written, for the sake of helping or hindering this achievement. Never has there been a more vexed question, or one which has occasioned more bloodshed and misery. Gallipoli is only the last chapter in the dreadful tale. And always we have been told, in defense of Russia, that an open port, giving access to the warm waters of the Mediterranean, was absolutely essential to the life of the Russian people. Now, within a year, the Romanoffs have been dethroned, and the Russians are governing themselves. And behold, one of their first acts is to tear up all treaties bearing on the Turkish problem, and disavow for all time any intention of seeking control of the Dardanelles! The whole thing was an illusion, existing in the obsessed minds of diplomats and czars. It was the Romanoffs who wanted Constantinople, not the Russian people. And so with all this great wilderness of international rivalry! It is states which are disputing, not nations; it is governments which are fighting, not peoples. The irony of the situation, that in a world yearning for brotherhood, there should sit in every capital these diplomats, whose business it is to foster not friendship between nations, but rivalries, political, military and commercial, between states!

Now it is this universal aspect, if I may call it such, of the difference between a country as a nation and a country as a state, which leads me at once to what I regard as the solution of this problem of international relations in the world after the war. The word "international" holds the secret of the mystery. What we have in the world today is interstate relations, which produce suspicions, jealousies, hatreds, armaments and wars. What we need in the world tomorrow, in the true sense of that great word, is international relations, which will produce friendship, trust, confidence, disarmament and peace. What we need, in other words, is to do all thiings which may diminish the power of states, dispel the illusion of hostile "interests," rid the earth of diplomats and dynasties, and at the same time magnify the power of nations, glorify the reality of spiritual unity, and fill the earth with ambassadors not of Caesar but of Christ. This means, in general terms, of course, a revolution—a passing of one world and the comiing of another. What it means, in specific detail, no man, I suppose, can wholly foresee or foretell at this time and in the midst of this present confusion. But certain elementary truths, it seems to me, are evident.

In the first place, I believe that in the world after the war, the nation and the state must be made territorially synonymous. There must be no nation which is not also a state; and no state which is not also a nation. This is what is affirmed by the Bolsheviki and President Wilson, when they speak of the "self-dependence of nationalities." What this means is of course evident in certain conspicuous cases. Thus we all know that it means the restoration of Belgium, and Serbia and Montenegro—the re-establishment of Poland—the autonomy of Palestine and Syria. But we should also know that it means such things as Home Rule for Ireland, the realization of nationalistic hopes in India, and the independence of the Philippines. This principle is a challenge to every government to see what the Bolsheviki see, that a land belongs to its people, and must be restored even though an empire is thereby disrupted. Certainly, nothing short of this territorial identity of state and nation can give us peace. "There can be no good international system," says Bertrand Russell, in his last book, "until the boundaries of states coincide . . . with the boundaries of nations."

In the second place, I believe that we must eliminate the political sovereignty of the state as regards its external relations. This is what is meant by the proposal, so frequently heard, of a League of Nations. The trouble with this proposal, however, as it is usually presented, is that it seems to involve the idea—by some miracle similar to that of having two objects occupy the same spot at the same time—that

we can organize an international league, and at the same time have each country which is a member of the league retain the same degree of sovereignty in external relations that it enjoys today. Nothing of the sort, of course, is possible! It is either independence or interdependence—one or the other! We proved this fact beyond all further doubt in the organization of these United States. Our fathers built the Confederation on the principle, that the thirteen states could unite their interests and at the same time be politically independent—and the result was failure! Not until they saw that states' rights must yield to national rights was the Constitution possible; and the Constitution was not safe until the sovereignty of the nation over each and all the separate states was established for all time in the Civil War. Now, what was true of the United States of America must be true also of the United States of the World. Each state in the world union must surrender to the new international state its independent political sovereignty in foreign relations. Then, and then only, can we even approximate our ideal of an ordered world.

It is to be noted that the surrender of external authority does not touch in any way the sovereignty of each state in its own internal affairs. This brings me at once to my third suggestion—that as a condition of world order and world peace, we must see to it that each separate country is democratized within itself from top to bottom, and thus made a nation in the truest sense of that great word. Kings and Kaisers, chancellors and premiers, must go. The control of the state must be passed over completely into the hands of the people. And when I speak of the control of the state, I mean the economic, quite as much as the political, control. I mean the very thing which has already transpired in Russia, and is promised in the mounting labor movements of Germany, France and England. The people, and not the interests, must rule. The nation, and not the state, must be supreme. Democracy must be enthroned within each realm, that there may be everywhere released those spiritual forces which constitute a nation, and are destined ultimately to constitute that fraternity of nations which is humanity.

All these changes are essential, but they will be as nothing unless there comes a fourth and vaster change. I refer to that change which shall take place in the hearts of men, when they are lifted up above the superstition of the state to the pure love and reverence of the nation. So long as people find satisfaction in territory and wealth, so long as they glory in political prestige and power, so long as they look with pride on armaments and with exultation on foreign conquest, so long as they cherish the state and the things that belong to the state—so long will reorganizations of sovereignties be a vain and futile thing. The hearts of men must be changed—their souls converted. They must rejoice in the friendly rivalries of art and letters, and not in the hateful rivalries of diplomacy. They must boast their poets and singers and benefactors, not their soldiers and war ministers and kings. They must find their prestige in a happy people at home, and not in a conquered people abroad. They must seek their strength in the sword of the spirit and not the sword of steel. Already, in little countries, like Denmark and Switzerland, the change has come about. From the very necessities of the case they have put by the vision of the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them. They have sought life in other and higher ways—and lo, these are the happiest peoples in the world. Such a change, now, must come to all nations—to nations great as well as small—if the world after the war shall find its peace. It is here that the organized forces of education and religion must do their work. It is here especially that the church may find its post of leadership in the international field. To preach the law of the spirit to the nations, to teach a people that it avails a country as little as a man to gain the whole world and lose its own soul, to proclaim that in quietness and confidence shall be our strength, and in the fruits of the spirit our glory—this is the word of Christ today. And this is the word the church must speak, if it would bring healing to the nations.

Such is the problem of internationalism in the world after the war—a problem which has its center in the relation in each country of the state to the nation! Such is the solution of this problem—in the supplanting in each country of the state by the nation. Such are some of the changes which must be wrought to this end—first, a territorial identity of state and nation; secondly, the surrender by the state of political independence in external relations; thirdly, the democratization of the state in internal relations; and lastly, the conversion of the public mind from a material to a spiritual interpretation of national glory! This sounds like an elaborate program, but it means the very simple thing that the countries of the world shall at last become nations; and our allegiance to a country become allegiance to a nation, and through this nation allegiance to humanity. For to serve not a state but a nation is to serve humanity; and to love not a government but a people is to love the race. Hence, at last, the reconciliation of the age-old conflict between love of country and love of humanity. We must abandon not one or the other, but cherish both; and in them both find the secret of the world's reconstruction. "For as we have many members in one body, so we, being many, are . . . every one member one of another." . . . "And there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

THE DECEIVER.

A very sly, deceitful woman this!
She sends a secret telegram, and then
Pretends surprise when the neglectful son
Comes home at last to see his aging, fond,
Long-hoping parents. Or she buttonholes
And artfully disturbs the peace of mind
Of careless husbands, with a whispered word
About the pale wife's slowly hollowing cheek.
She shrewdly was suspected, twice or thrice,
Of warming and enlarging messages
(A little cold, a little cold and brief),
Entrusted to her by estranging friends:
So sly and deep and meddlesome she is!
'Tis known she sold her ancient heirloom watch
To send away a convalescent child
For seaside air: and yet she brazenly
Declared she lost it in the Gypsy woods
Along the road that leads to Pleasantvale.
Such a deceiving woman as she is!

The Survey. —*Sarah N. Cleghorn.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

X.

How the Arts Began

I.

"We grow like that we think of, so let us think of the good, the beautiful, the true."

The seven so-called "fine arts": painting, sculpture, architecture, drawing, music, poetry and drama, reach back and down to primitive man. We have already found that dress had its rise in a desire for decoration rather than protection, and what is true of clothing is also true of other arts.

The fifth chapter of Osborn's "Men of the Old Stone Age" is concerned with Cro-Magnon man and Magdalenian art and culture. Just as we speak of the Athenian art and people that centered round Athens does Osborn speak of the art and people that centered round the Madeleine caves in France. He gives a hundred pages of marvelously interesting description, striking illustrations of these people, with special attention to their industry, engravings, polychrome painting, sculpture and the extent and decline of the Magdalenian culture. Looking at the illustrations, one is astonished at the fertility of these men on art lines, not only by the vigor of their outline but with their use of chromatics which would challenge any class in modern art. You will see horses, cows, reindeer and other animals etched by the cave man on the walls of his home with a degree of perspective and modern impressionism that is startling.

Music, the attempt to express emotion by sound, is probably the earliest of the arts. Music expressed itself biologically before man put in an appearance. The bird song is unquestionably a response to that something, that subtle mystery in nature, that sought to express emotion. The bird either sings to his mate on the nest or in anticipation of the birdlings coming. John Burroughs likes to say that bird song is a prophecy, an anticipation of joy.

Ruskin, the writer pre-eminently who leads us into the metaphysics and philosophy of art, tells us that all art began in imitation, that in it are elements of joy and pleasure but not need. The fine arts that contribute to the intangible are not necessary to maintain the body but art is a tremendous plus to the physical needs of life. Browning helps us to see this:

> . . . We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
> And so they are better, painted—better to us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out.

The great analysist of the nature and function of art in all its diversified forms is Tolstoy. In his "What Is Art?" he has knocked out most of the conventional theories. In his definition is room for all phases of art. He says,

> Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them.

The ethics of art are perhaps more extensively treated by Ruskin than any other writer. There is nothing in English comparable with his writings to enable one to obtain an appreciative interpretation of the fine arts and yet his books are burdened with the ethical. He says there are certain canons that should obtain in dress as in architecture and these canons, laid down in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," are as applicable to ladies' shoes and hats as to cathedrals. Clothes should be tested by their adaptability, permanence, service, and so far as the other canons permit, beauty. A man has no business to build even a corn crib out of proportion. In this connection he brings to our attention the most beautiful and perfectly proportioned piece of Gothic architecture in a two-story building on a side street in Venice.

In his "A Joy Forever" Ruskin brings up the question of the ethical responsibility of wealth. Can the spending of wealth be justified on the score that it circulates money? There is needed a popular illustration to demolish the fallacy that it can. Ruskin comes near it in his story.

> If a schoolboy goes out in the morning with five shillings in his pocket, and comes home penniless, having spent his all in tarts, principal and interest are gone, and fruiterer and baker are enriched. So far so good. But suppose the schoolboy, instead, has bought a book and a jackknife; principal and interest are gone, and bookseller and cutler are enriched. But the schoolboy is enriched also, and may help his schoolfellows next day with knife and book, instead of lying in bed and incurring a debt to the doctor.

That is not a contribution to the wealth of the community that is not creative and that is not credited on the part of the investor as well as the receiver. Luxury takes out of the creative energies of life; art is coextensive with life.

The problem of life is how to translate labor into power, service and peace. Whether you have been given capital in your brain, your hand, your throat or in your pocketbook, an obligation rests equally on the possessor of each.

William Morris, another interpreter and a master of nearly all the arts, turned his back on them and denounced them in the interest of ethics. He says the doom of a blacksmith is not to be contemplated who must pound away ten hours a day, year after year for a lifetime, but when that blacksmith learns to beat his iron into lines of beauty the work becomes a joy, an inspiration, and he becomes the happiest of artists.

George Eliot traces the rise of music in "The Legend of Jubal," the father of all such as handle the harp and the pipe, wind and stringed instruments.

> Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
> No longer following its fall or rise,
> Seemed glad with something that they could not see
> But only listened to—some melody,
> Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
> Won from the common store of struggling sound.
> Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
> And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
> Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
> Of some external soul that spoke for him.

Jubal goes out into the world to create music. In his old age when he can break no more new ground

he makes the long journey home. At last he falls by the way, half unconscious he enters the city and hears the coming of a procession, a band is playing, people are celebrating something and his own instruments are making the air alive.

The word was "Jubal" . . . "Jubal" filled the air, but

. . . No eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.

He is revived by the song and rises. He could not resist the temptation, and

Cried, "I am Jubal! . . . I made the lyre!"

Jubal lies down to die unhonored and unknown but an angel in a vision appears to him and comforts him.

It is the glory of the heritage
Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
Who found and gave new passion and new joy
That nought but Earth's destruction can destroy.
Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
"'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."

Ernest Grosse in a little book on "The Beginning of Art" gives a number of illustrations along this same line. You can call the roll of the men whose works are universally loved and praised while the authors are forgotten. He shows that in the lowest primitive life poetry and literature began. Primitive man wanted beauty. He reproduced the sound of the wind in the trees and the songs of the birds, he reproduced on the horns of the reindeer, the antelope, oftentimes to the marvel and admiration of modern man. The oldest poem in our Bible is the "Song of Miriam," unhappily a war song. The best book of the Old Testament is the Psalms, written to be accompanied with the psalter.

Art is a great groping for intangible beauty and we need not speak of the arts, but art. All arts contributed to the work of Wagner. Angelo was said to be born with three souls, the soul of an architect, that of a painter and sculptor and late in life was added through the love of a woman, a fourth soul, the soul of a poet.

The ethical value of art is illustrated in the work of Verestchagin, the great painter who became the great apostle of peace. When a portion of Yorkminster was being restored after a fire, way up in the roof, among the charred timber, was found not only an exquisitely made joint but the same delicate carving in oak which characterized the stalls. The workmen of that day left their individuality stamped upon their work. This is illustrated in the elaborate figures on the roof of Milan cathedral, where no two are alike. It was the same spirit that dotted Europe in about two hundred years with those matchless buildings we call cathedrals which rose to their power because each was a center of the whole community of successive generations.

Art is not the highest measure of civilization. The story of art is not the story of saints. Art is not religion and religion is not necessarily art, but one would be sorry to make them antagonistic. The great art ages have not been the great moral ages. The Greek column, one of the fundamental elements in architecture, reached in Corinth its perfection, its highest development, about the beginning of the Christian era, when Corinth was steeped in dissipation and corruption.

Art is forever running into luxury. Corinth was the home of artists because it was the home of wealth, the great commercial center of the Mediterranean. The great artists have waited upon wealth. The same thing is true of the story of Venice and Florence. The latter was such an art center as was never before known and never after. It flourished during the administration of the Di Medicis.

But there is this to be said. The same century that produced Lorenzo the Magnificent produced Michael Angelo, Raphael and the others, and it also necessitated a Savonarola. Luther was born out of the passion of St. Peter's. Wagner today is the luxury of the wealthy, though his inspiration and best appreciation came from the people.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the earliest of the arts?
(2) What is the relation of modern Art to religion?
(3) Name the seven so-called fine arts.
(4) What form do pictures by primitive man take?
(5) Who was the most profound English writer on art?
(6) What are Ruskin's rules for the truly artistic in architecture?

A SEARCH.

I went into the wildwood in eager hopes to see—
One early, dull May morning—
A bit of dainty saxifrage or pink anemone.

I turned the dry leaves over and pushed down to the mold,
I peered at damp rock bases,
And all my trouble brought me was a startled robin's scold.

O, there were woolley weed balls and tiny swords of grass
And every kind of bush bud—
But anemone I longed for and I let the others pass.

The wind was from the northeast, as bitter cold as still,
But yet I looked and hunted
Some weary hours and over till my hands were numb with chill.

Disgruntled I turned homeward and pushed all thought aside
Of saxifrage, anemone,
And trampled past indifferent to the places where they hide.

I conjured up the city, the friends whom I would meet,
The plans that I might venture,
When absently I looked upon—*a violet* at my feet!

It was a white-veined purple as fair as God e'er made,
A little green-leaved nestling
Beside the road where houses were. I picked it up, well repaid.

If only men and women from searching clean forspent
Anemones of heart dreams
Might come upon life's violet and plucking, be content!

E. G. PECKER.

Have you known the touch of Sorrow?
Have you walked 'neath starless skies?
Lo, the Easter brings glad morrow!
Look—it shows what underlies
Thwarted plan and blighted purpose.
From the dark days of the year,
Lo, to-day, the Veil is lifted—
Light and bird and bloom appear!

In your Heart, as in your Garden,
May you hear new Songs of Cheer!

—Mary Cromwell Low.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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The UNITY Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

OF "CABBAGES AND KINGS."

If your name, dear reader, is on the mailing list of All Souls Church, you will, perhaps, recall that with your January announcements was one stating that Mr. Jones would conduct a course of eight readings from contemporary poets beginning January 7th, and if you have even half a good memory you will also recall that *that* date will go down in Chicago history as the Monday after the unprecedented "blizzard," when transportation was almost paralyzed—and YOU remained at home—thus missing the opening reading; and perhaps, because you missed the first one you thought it not worth while to try to become interested in the remaining ones, so missed them all. Well, just because this may have happened in *your* case, I want to tell you at this time what you missed, and I am choosing this time because our pastor, who is also Editor-in-Chief of UNITY, is miles away with his modesty and his blue pencil, and cannot "edit" my reflections on "Cabbages and Kings."

If the storm prevented *your* attendance, it did not deter about twenty-five others from attending. Yes, that number of men and women actually "ploughed" through the drifts to listen to a reading of poetry. This number of outsiders augmenting the regular residents of Lincoln Centre constituted a very complimentary and enthusiastic audience, which increased with each successive reading. The weather-man seemed to have a special grudge against Mondays, but after that first wild night nothing could "scare off" the poetry lover. And how we were rewarded!

The writer has always maintained that there is nowhere a better interpreter of poetry than is Mr. Jones, so you can imagine her joy when one day in the *Bulletin of the Poetry Society of America*, whose headquarters are in New York, she read among many other announcements of interest to poetry lovers the following:

"We are delighted to receive from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago a prospectus of a course of readings from the modern poets, not only of America, but of Ireland, England and India, to be given at Abraham Lincoln Centre, connected with Mr. Jones' Church. Mr. Jones proves by his prospectus not only how well he knows the poets—and we doubt if anyone in America knows them better—but how catholic is his taste and how many styles of work he finds significant. A list of those from whom he will read, while it could not include all who deserve a hearing, goes far toward being a roll-call of the most important of our poets."

(The list of officers of the Poetry Society of America, by the way, contains names well known and loved at Lincoln Centre: they are Edward J. Wheeler, Pres.; Edwin Markham, Hon. Pres.; Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Sec'y; Miles M. Dawson, Treas., and Marguerite Wilkinson, Rec. Sec'y.)

The readings were rather closely adhered to as outlined, with perhaps one or two additional names to each group, as suggested by the audience, or an after-thought of the reader. Picture an artistic room, with its own "atmosphere," filled with sympathetic listeners to a reader who is both a lineal and "spiritual" child of Keltic bard and prophet, who loves to read and "expound" poetry as well as he does "the law and the Gospel," and, in a slight degree, you can estimate our rare privilege: only in a slight degree, however, can you do so, for you must have "the music of the voice," and the informing running comments on each name, as well as analysis of the poem, to *fully* estimate this work of our leader, so generously accorded us.

The "personal gossip" attaching to each author that either the reader or one of the audience contributed to our knowledge made the poets more real to us.

The walrus said, you remember, besides cabbages and kings, it was "time to talk of many things,"—of "shoes, and ships and ceiling-wax"; we began with the last first, and so have nearly disposed of the useful and the ornamental. We cannot at this time touch upon all "His Honor's" suggestions, but we *can* take down our "Shoes of Happiness" and re-read

"If it touches the heart of the Poet,
The gods and the ages will know it;
For over the waters and crags of time
The winds of the world will blow it.

If ever the Bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
And lo, it will travel from world to world,
Till the kings of Orion sing it!"

Most valuable were these readings: they *were* "a relaxation from the intensities of the hour" and a refreshment to our spirits, "as the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

"Men strive and die to reach the Dead Sea fruit—
Only the poets find immortal Springs."

M. P. B.

THE WORLD'S MISER.

A miser with an eager face
Sees that each roseleaf is in place.

He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

The colors of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—well He may!—

And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.

He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,

And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearman small.

He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to shew it as His Own,

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,

That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture books,

To shew in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

"Laughs and Whiffs of Song."
—Theodore Maynard.

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